

Come for All Things are now Ready.

The spirit and the bride says come, and whosoever will, let him come and partake of the waters of life freely.

Come in, come in, ye thirsty souls,
There's room for all mankind;
The holy spirit bids you come
And leave your pride behind.

Come in, come in, the Savior calls,
And bid adieu to sin;
The gates of mercy stands ajar
For you to enter in.

Come in, come in, while in your prime,
And spend your youthful days,
With Mary at the Savior's feet,
And bright will be your ways.

Come in, come in, ye aged ones,
Who have spent your lives in sin;
The Savior stands with open arms
Prepared to take you in.

Come in, come in, the time is short,
Time flies on rapid wings,
Lest you may lose that happy home
And all the joys it brings.

Come in, come in, while yet there's time
To relax and be at ease,
And gain in heaven an endless home
Where inmates never die.

Come in, come in, and meet with those
We have long since gone before,
And spend with them an endless rest
When parting is no more.

SUSAN SIDLE.

EAST COVENTRY.

The Unpainted Canvas.

BY SIMPSON JONES.

The last lingering beams of the gorgeous god of day are peeping through the window of an artist's studio in Florence. Everywhere in the apartment we see evinced tokens of taste and refinement. In yonder recess hangs numerous pictures instinct with life and loveliness; the fair faces of many merry maidens and boyish beauties smile down upon us; lucid lakes reflect the golden glory overhead, majestic mountains stretch up their giant hands to "catch the sunshine," here a rugged, rocky precipice frowns upon the laughing landscape beneath; 'twould seem as though every object in the vast museum of nature had been transferred to canvas by the gifted artist. But where is he whose magic wand effects all these wondrous transformations? Let us look farther. Ah! what is this? In an alcove where the sunbeams longest linger, sits a man with snowy locks and brow weary and wan. His eyes are closed—he is evidently slumbering. At his side are his paints and palette—his faithful brush too, is close at hand. On his easel rests a piece of *unpainted canvas*, waiting but the touch of the master's hand to tell us "tales of the joyous woods," or make our pulses thrill upon beholding a terrible picture of war and disaster. Shall we awake the sleeper? But see! his features wear the ashen hue of death, his hand is icy cold, his eyes will never again sparkle with the fire of genius, his livid lips are sealed forever. "He is transfigured and with the immortals." His life work is ended; the *canvas* upon whose surface is traced no scenes of sorrow or joy, is silent but an impressive witness of the complete, imperfect character of all things earthly. The *canvas* of life stretches out before us, far away in the dim distance. 'Tis a "good and perfect gift" of the Father. We ourselves are the artist. What kind of pictures, dear reader, are *you* painting on its originally pure, unsullied surface? In youth when the blushing roses of health and happiness bloom upon the cheeks, when the face is radiant with the light of intelligence and the ardent longing for increased learning, and the eyes sparkle with the beauty of earnest resolves and noble ambitions enthroned in the heart, this is the time to fill the *canvas* with the character of rare and wondrous radiance and purity, reflecting the immaculate image of the Artist Divine. Dear young reader, I am writing to thee a message from the King of glory—"Keep thyself pure." Young lady, for thee the same words are echoed in tender tones of entreaty—"Keep thyself pure." Your life *canvas* is entirely free from blemishes. Oh! let every thought, every word, every *action*, be purified by the cleansing blood of Christ, then, indeed, will your life-picture glow with "the light that never was on land or sea," with the glory that cometh down from above, that proceedeth even from the throne of the Most High. Youthful, ambitious climbers of the lofty ladder of learning, I charge you to look well to the tracery

which the phantom finger of time will indelibly inscribe upon the *canvas* of your hearts. Fill the caskets of your mind with rich treasures obtained from the mines of knowledge, but forget not to enshrine in the soul that priceless pearl upon which the holy light of Divinity plays and which will finally prove a passport to the New Jerusalem, where you shall evermore rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory," where no misty, murky shadows shall veil your vision, but you shall see the Father "face to face," and throughout the boundless ages of eternity the picture will grow brighter and brighter under the all-wise ruling of the King of Kings.

Being almost ready to step over the threshold of a new year, the *canvas* is as yet partially pure and spotless. Let us paint it with pictures glowing with love and sympathy to all mankind. We are frequently inclined to postpone the duties and labors which tend to our improvement and the elevation of humanity; we should write on our hearts with the pen of *purity* that "the present is the critical, decisive moment, that every day is the best day in the year." Poor, weak, fallible human nature would fain excuse an apparently small sin, saying, "'Tis but a trifle;" ah, I would have you remember that every vice which creeps into the soul crushes out some virtue, and, almost ere you are aware, the *canvas* (heart) is filled with figures of darkness from which the recording angel shrinks in sorrow and affright. The unconverted heart delights not to do the will of the Master; there are no indications of determination to bow in humble submission to every decree, however seemingly stern and severe; of being ready to exclaim with one of old, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." We look longingly, but we see no evidence of acknowledgement of the power of that Supreme Spirit in whom we live, move and have our being. How dark and dreary the picture. The *canvas*, containing no impress of the holy hand of Divinity, is enshrouded in the stable shadows of sin. Oh, you careless ones, how long will you delineate only scenes which the terrible trail of the serpent blurs with black blemishes? I point you, dear reader, to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." Jesus stands waiting, with outstretched arms, to disperse the ebon clouds of wrong and wickedness intervening between you and our heavenly Father; the sunshine of his love will burst upon you with warmth and brightness; his purity and perfection will permeate your lives, making them happy and holy; his omnipotent finger will trace upon the *canvas* of your hearts his own fair features and you shall become living embodiments of his grace and glory. Will you not, dear reader, accept him as your Saviour? Oh, make up your mind and come *just now*. Do you say you are too sinful? "Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Do you fear the manifold temptations with which Satan will assail you? "God is faithful, he will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will the temptation also make a way to escape, that you may be able to bear it." Are you weary of the world, with its fast-fleeting follies and shadowy pleasures? Sin-sick soul, the "Great Physician" is ever near, waiting to heal you. His bosom will prove a Rock of Refuge in every time of danger. He will lead you "through the valley of the shadow of death," and will finally take you home to himself to inhabit a region of bliss and beauty, which is eternally gladdened and glorified by the sunshine of his holy presence. Do you see this rare and radiant picture upon which I am gazing? The *canvas* is covered with figures, the Celestial City lighted by the glory of God and the Lamb, is peopled with "the nations of them which are saved." Blessed be God, its golden gates of glory are standing ajar for you, for me. Come out dear reader from beneath the deep, dark shadow of sin which has so long blighted your life, and put on the snowy robe of a pure *canvas* which awaits you.

Metamorphoses.

BY A. A. COBER.

The mechanical world is a curiosity shop. It is not a fiction as is Dickens Curiosity Shop; but it is a reality. You would hardly suppose upon see-

ing a man dragging a rough piece of timber from the forest that he intends to put it in his parlor; but it may be true nevertheless. It is sawed and squared and planed and changed until it becomes a beautiful piece of furniture.

Nature seems even more wonderful than art in its metamorphic propensities. Little would you suppose if you knew no better, that the larva enclosed in a cocoon, hanging on a leaf or lying on the ground, will grow into a beautiful gold-winged butterfly. Strange as it may seem the disgusting caterpillar that measures its way into the house in the fall of the year becomes the butterfly of the following summer. Nature is full of metamorphoses. The three kingdoms, viz; the vegetable, mineral, and animal bear testimony to the fact.

But more wonderful than the mechanical transformations, more wonderful than the metamorphoses in nature, are the transformations in the spiritual world. The heart of stone softens as the permeating influences of God's love operate upon it. The icebergs of sin melt away under the genial rays of the gospel. The Arctic current of indifference is superseded by the Gulf-stream of Christian sympathy, generated by the thermal influences of the Sun of righteousness. He who walks the path of a zigzag under the stimulus of rye juice, with his hair disheveled, his clothes shabby and torn, may some day walk upon the golden streets of New Jerusalem. The drunkard who needs assistance to maintain the perpendicular may become the staff to some sinner and assist him over the stony road of life. His oaths may become prayers, his murmurings become songs, and the demoniac become an angel. Heaven will be full of transformed skeptics, thieves, liars, scoffers, drunkards, and defrauders; but they are the best the earth can produce. They are changed, smoothed, and purified until they are fit for the society of angels. This was the mission of John the Baptist when he rushed into the wilderness and cried, "repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It was the mission of the apostles. It is your mission and my mission and everybody's mission. Let us perform it. Shall men sink into the waves of destruction when we might put forth our hands and lift them out? Shall we who have realized the awful danger to which the sinner is exposed, stand with folded arms and calmly gaze upon him as he sinks beneath the tide? God forbid. May the spirit of Christ provoke us to rush out into the wilderness and wring our hands and with unflagging zeal tell the story "Of Jesus and his love," until the quotation, "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" shall read "Every drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." But two things are necessary before this can be done. The servants of God must do their duties, and the wicked must reform. Then will the Lily of the valley shed its fragrance in every vale and the Rose of Sharon blossom on every hillside.

Christian Heroism.

It may be that the too great prominence given to the softer side is one reason why many young men hold aloof from the cause of Christ. It may not be the want of manliness on their part after all—it may be because they have not had brought before them the manliness of Christ and the supreme need of strength and courage on the part of his followers. Here is where much of the strength of the "Salvation Army" lies. We may object to their methods; but their spirit is what we all need. We who preach the truth ought to appeal more that we do to the heroic and soldierly and noble spirit of self-sacrifice in our redeemed human nature; and our people, our young especially, ought to respond. "Ye that are men, now serve Him, against unnumbered foes." We need not ask our young friends to put on the uniform, but we do ask them, in Jesus' name to show the same spirit which leads so many in the Salvation Army to brave the scorn of those who despise Christ and mock at all that is holy. We do ask them to take their stand as followers of Christ, whatever their companions may say, and however much any craven spirit there may be in them may try to hinder them. We ask them to sacrifice their laziness and love of ease, and selfishness, whatever there be that hinders them from joining themselves to Him who is the Grandest Hero of all history. Come and confess Christ, and take a share in the great enterprise of helping in the name of Jesus to save men, women and children from their sins!—REV. J. MONROE GIBSON, D.D.